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**J. C. Shannahan,
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,**
COURT ST., near Plaster Bank. All styles
made at bottom figures and guaranteed.
[Jan 1-18-84]

**HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.**
East side Main St., over Kelly's Jewelry Store.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
[17 Jan 1-84]

**DR. W. M. FUQUA,
Surgeon.**
Office Over Kelly's Jewelry Store,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
[17 Jan 1-84]

Andrew Seargent, M. D.
OFFICE
MAIN STREET,
Opposite Hopper's Drug Store.
Nov. 7-78-84.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after nat-
ural ones are extracted, by
**R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.**
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Dec. 2, 17

**Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.**
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Jan. 3-4-12

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Livery Feed & Sale Stable.**
Auction sale of Live Stock, sec-
ond and fourth Saturdays in each
month. Special livery rates given to
commercial men.
Russellville Street, near Main.
Come and see me.

**BEST OF ALL!
The New American
NUMBER**



LEADS THE WORLD.
The New American is always in or-
der, and you cannot fail to be
pleased with it. For sale by
HOOPER & OVERSHINER
And can be seen at their store, Main
St., HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
[Nov. 3-83-84]

WAR! BOOKS.
Seven Great Monarchs of the Ancient East-
ern World, by George Rawlinson. "What a
more terrible than war!"—unless it be a war
among publishers, then what could be hap-
pier for repelling book-buyers! Such a war
is progress. Price reduced from \$1.00 to \$2.00.
Specimen pages free. Not sold by dealers;
please buy low. Books for examination before
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Agents
wanted for The Fayer-
weather of the U. S. The largest,
handiest, most useful book
ever sold for less than twice our price. The
fastest selling book in America. Immense profits
to agents. An intelligent person want it. Any
one can become a successful agent. Terms free.
HALL & CO. BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

A Prize
Send six cents for
postage, and receive
free a costly box of
goods which will help
you to make more money right away than any-
thing else in this world. All of either sex, suc-
ceed from first hour. The broad road to for-
tunate opens before the workers. Absolutely sure.
At once address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLDEN ROD.

BY M. V. B.

How bloomed the golden-rod a year ago!
And time since then has seemed so slow!
The day we watched the white clouds drift
Across the far-off sky, sailing swift
In blue-toned air. And in the field
Mid daisy and grass and half concealed,
The golden-rod glowed in the sun,
While we felt all life's joy was done.
No parting-gone. Oh, memory sweet!
If having hearts should fall to meet
In years to come! Oh, life so strange,
That can so sudden and so change
The world for us, we may not find
A single day which will be kind,
And give us yet with all its pain
Of parting, such an hourglass
Lies on the field the sunshine lay,
And golden-rod bloomed in our way.

MULHATTAN'S VERY LATEST.
The Mamm & Liar Discovers a
Subterranean Sea, Full of Ice-
bergs, Sharks and
Whales.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

LEITCHFIELD, KY., Sept. 15.—The
wonderful cave-region of Kentucky
surrounds Leitchfield on all sides. It
is in the midst of the great cave belt,
which is, properly speaking, a strip
of country about 50 miles wide by
100 long that marks the line of some
glaciation upheaval of the earth, which
was the primary cause of the origin
of Kentucky's great natural wonders.
Leitchfield is the nearest point on
the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad to
the Mammoth Cave, the "Grand
Crystal Avenue," "Diamond," "Hun-
dred Dome," "Hundred Room,"
"Evan Rodgers," and numerous other
caves of less note.

New and wonderful discoveries of
caves are constantly being made in
this vicinity, yet except only passing
notice among the inhabitants, as
caves are so common with them; in-
deed, they seem to think the crust of
the entire globe is as hollow as their
own little world around them. The
latest discovery, however, is of a more
exciting nature than anything
heretofore. In the Grand-avenue
cave, discovered about two years ago
on the Rodgers farm, there is a bot-
tomless pit—at least a pit that until a
few days ago was considered bot-
tomless, and out of which poured forth
a mighty volume of cold, frost air that
would freeze a beef solid before
morning if placed over the pit the
night previous. Mr. Sisk, the batch-
er of the town, has been allowed to
use it as a sort of refrigerator, and
had the advantage of being enabled
at all times to furnish.

EVEN IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER,
meats frozen solid. No one dared to
descend into the bottomless pit lest the
cold should overpower him, and the
mystery has remained unsolved un-
til a few days ago. A party of sci-
entists decided to at least make an at-
tempt to solve the mystery. A de-
scent was effected over the pit and two
coils of rope were wound around the
windlass; to this rope a cage made
of oaken planks was attached. A
system of signals was also arranged
with a wire and gong. The explor-
ing party consisted of eight, four only
of which could be lowered at a time.
They consisted of Col. Jas. Al-
exander, of Gallatin, Tenn.; the Hon.
Hunter Wood, of Hopkinsville, Ky.;
Col. John P. Barrett, of Hartford,
Ky.; and the writer of this article.
Those who were to follow, should the
first party get through all right, were
Maj. George M. Proctor, State Geologi-
st; Dan. E. O'Sullivan, Esq., man-
aging editor of the Louisville Courier-
Journal; B. F. Ridgely, Esq., city ed-
itor of the Louisville Commercial,
and J. P. Yeager, Esq., of the Leitch-
field Sunbeam. The cold was in-
tense, but with an abundance of
heavy, warm clothing we decided
that we could certainly brave that
very peculiar and mysterious cold
fully as well as we could on the
earth's surface. We were well sup-
plied with torches, matches, etc., as
well as a basket of provisions, a few
tools, such as picks, shovels, etc. We
entered the cage and gave the order
to lower away, amidst the cheers of
the great crowd who had come into
the cave to see us off on our journey
to the interior of the earth.

Down, down we went—300, 500, 800
feet. Would we never reach bottom?
Would there be rope enough to reach?
We were questions that we anxiously en-
deavored to solve. They lowered us
very slowly, very cautiously. Twice
we signalled them to stop until we
could remove a projecting rock from
the path of the cage or push the cage
around it. At 1,120 feet—we as af-
terward ascertained—we struck bot-
tom. We signalled the joyful intelli-
gence to those above, and had the
satisfaction of seeing the cage drawn
up for the remainder of our party.
The cold was simply intense, and it
seemed an age ere they reached us,
although not over fifteen minutes in
all. No time was to be lost. A great
avenue opened before us—the bottom-
less pit we had descended was its
dome, through which a subterranean
river had undoubtedly flowed, the
avenue

BEING ITS ANCIENT BED.

The avenue in many places is over
100 feet high, with innumerable
domes extending probably 1,000 feet
toward the earth's surface.
Beautiful pillars of alabaster, mil-
lions of stalactites and stalagmites,
dazzle the eyes like so many dia-
monds, while the beautiful frost-work
formations assumed a thousand fan-
tastic and bewildering shapes to our

astounded and bewildered senses.
On, on we went for a distance of prob-
ably three miles. The cold was get-
ting more and more intense. A ther-
mometer carried by one of our party
marked 8 degrees above zero. A ter-
rible roaring noise prevented conver-
sation. As we drew nearer we dis-
covered that it came from a subter-
ranean sea that was dashing against
the rocks with terrible fury, and that
a number of icebergs were bobbing
up and down in the turbulent waters,
striking the sides and domes of the
cave. The mystery was now ex-
plained to us. We had descended to
the level of the sea, and found that all
out beyond the cave was utterly hol-
low. The icebergs had cut domes
hundreds of feet high, and westward
on the bank of a subterranean sea.
The icebergs undoubtedly entered at
the great maelstrom or whirlpool of
Norway or one of a similar nature in
the Arctic regions, and are thus singu-
larly preserved in this great subter-
ranean storehouse of nature. In a
large bay, which we subsequently dis-
covered at the end of another avenue,
we saw several cyclops sharks, also an
eyeless whale, which proves that the
waters are full of animal life corre-
sponding to the eyeless fish of Man-
moth Cave. We have just emerged
from the cave after an exploration of
21 hours, and I hasten to telegraph
these particulars; will more thor-
oughly explore cave to-morrow with
quite an army of citizens and tele-
graph additional information. The
owner of the cave, Judge T. R. Mc-
Donagh, has just refused an offer of \$50,
000 for it. Representatives from the
various parts of Louisville are here,
and full particulars of this great dis-
covery will appear in their respective
journals to-morrow.

JOSEPH MULHATTAN.

How to be Beautiful.

Ladies, you can be sure of this: that
you cannot have musty cheeks and a
clear complexion unless you are in
good health. Disease always spoils
beauty. Parker's Tonic purifies the
blood, invigorates the organs, drives
all bad humors out of system, and
makes the plainest face attractive.
Tell your husband.

The Bad Boy.

I noticed your pa this morning go-
ing down the alley, said the grocer-
man to the bad boy, and he didn't
seem as kiltery as usual. Anything
happened to mar his usually pleasant
feelings?
Well, what has made him mad has
been tried on me for about a dozen
years, and it never killed me, said
the boy, and I think pa will pull
through. You see, for a good many
years I have had pa's old clothes
made over for me. I can't say that I
enjoyed wearing his clothes out down
for me, but it was the best I could do.
The last year I have been growing
considerable, and I am a good deal
taller than pa, though not as big
around. I am going into society a
good deal, and have to have pretty
stylish clothes, and it went down to
wear them until they are too old.
When I get through with them they
are good enough to throw away, so ma
got onto a scheme to make my clothes
over for pa. She took a pair of my
pants and enough of the bottom
to fill out the space where they were
too small around for pa, and he wore
a pair of my pants a week before he
found out where they came from, and
I guess he wouldn't have found
out only for an accident. Ma took
the pants one night after pa went
to bed, to sew some buttons on, just like
a woman she felt in the pockets.
When I wore them pants I used to
carry my love letters in my pistol
pocket, rolled in a piece of lumpy rub-
ber, and when ma felt in the pockets
she found a couple of letters my gal
wrote to me. You know, my new
girl, the one that I haven't said any-
thing about to you. O, dear, but my
new girl can write a letter that makes
you have cramps under your vest.
See can wrestle the English language
at a fellow she loves so he will think
the clouds that cover heaven have
rolled away and left a hole in the
etherial vault above so you can see
right through and catch the angels
dancing a highland fling. She can
call you darling in forty-seven differ-
ent ways, and each one seems dar-
linger than the other. She can tell a
fellow how she loves him in language
that will make him just lay down
and blot. She can write of the hours
of darkness that cloud her existence
when I am not sitting on her father's
doorstep, in such language that I feel
like taking a bullseye lantern and
going right over to her house and
letting its effulgent rays vie with the
rays of sunshine from my face in
lightening up the gloom that has
come over her like a funeral pall since
I have been away from the vicinity
of her pa's boot. O, gosh, how she
can make me yearn from the time
I get a letter from her at 2 p. m., un-
til it is dark enough so her pa won't
see me, to be in her sweet presence.
A letter of explanation from her as to
the reason of her pa's jerking off my
coat collar and cutting me beside the
head will be couched in such lan-
guage that I forget the headache, and
want to go right over to her house
and let her pa yank me around some-
more. She will write me how a kiss
from me brightens her whole life, and
causes each fibre of her being to
tremble and palpitate, and yearn for
my coming, that I can feel the filling

coming out of my teeth when I read
the letter, and when I actually dis-
miss her, the pegs in my boots loosen
and I find them by the quart crawl-
ing up my pants-legs. I think she
can discount the magnetic girl of
Georgia, because a letter from her
will draw me from a game of base
ball any time. I mention this to
show what sort of a girl she is, and
what kind of a letter she writes.
Well, I was drawing pictures on my
slate, and didn't notice ma as she was
s-wing buttons on. She felt in the
pistol pocket and found the letters,
and when she opened one and read,
"O blessed darling, how sad I was
when you were four minutes late last
night," ma ran a needle in her finger
and breathed hard, and then she
stopped breathing for about a minute,
and then she read to where my
girl said, "Every hour that you are
away from me seems an eternity of
lonely watching. Sad forebodings
of what may have happened to you,
and when I see you coming up the
street, it seems as though heaven
was again open to me, and the birds
sing so sweetly that I faint would
die," ma dropped the pants and raised
up and looked toward the bed where
pa was snoring. I knew there was a
case of mistaken identity, and was
going to explain to ma but she said,
"You hush. When ma says you hush
that settles it, and I hush. When ma
takes off her spectacles and lays them
down, and says not one word, then I
don't say a word, cause I know bet-
ter. Well, I felt sorry for pa, and
I would have helped him out of it if
he had been awake, but it takes about
half an hour to wake pa up, and I didn't
have time. It didn't take ma more than a minute
to wake pa, and when pa's eyes open-
ed he said, 'It's no such a darned thing.
Teggo my hair!' Ma said she had the
proofs, and she yanked pa's ear, and
he said, 'for heaven's sake don't. It's
a mistake.' I started to tell ma that
they were my letters, but she told me
to go out of the room, and pa, to be
on ma's side said, 'yes you git, and git
quick,' and I got. Well I went out
in the hall, and it was a circus, with
all the performers healthy. Ma kept
hold of pa's ear and read a few lines
of the letter, and then I guess she
yanked, cause pa yelled bloody mur-
der, and said it was a darned lie, and
then ma would read some more, and
yank some more. I never felt so
sorry for pa since the goat kicked him
when us boys was finishing him. I
guess ma would have wore pa out, un-
less she got down to the bottom of the
letter and read, "Now Henry, be a
good boy, and help your ma all you
can, and try not to imitate your pa's
wicked example, 'Yours lovingly,
Marion.' That settled it and the fight
stopped, and ma called me in, and ma
drove me out, and pa began to whine
and tell ma she had broken the tyr-
anny of his ear, and ma said he had
broken her heart, and pa got up and
took the pants and began mauling
them over a chair, and he said it was
the last time he would wear any boy's
clothes made over for him, and when
I went to bed ma was crying for joy
'cause it was me instead of pa that
got the love letters, and pa was put-
ting some vasoline on his ear. I don't
see where I was to blame, do you?"
"Well, I don't know," said the gro-
ceryman "such letters as you describe
are mighty dangerous, unless they are
sealed up in cans. I think your pa
would be justified in warning your
jacket."
And I think that is what he is go-
ing to do, said the boy, as he slid out
the back door just as his pa came in
from the front door inquiring for his little
boy.—Peck's Sun.

Piles, Piles, Piles.

Can be entirely cured by the use of
Ethiopian Pile Ointment. For sale
by J. R. Armistead, G. E. Galther and
G. E. Galther. Try a bottle. If

American Enterprise.

No invention of the nineteenth cen-
tury has worked a greater revolution
in household economy or conferred
more of a benefit on humanity than
the sewing machine.

The first productions were crude
and uncouth in the extreme, and it
was reserved for American skill and
ingenuity to bring forth a machine of
any practical value.

In order to appreciate the great ad-
vancement which has taken place it
is only necessary to compare one of
the machines built during the infancy
of the invention with one of the latest
improved "Light-Running New
Home."

All the really good points contained
in other machines have been utilized
in its construction. Many new im-
provements and devices have also been
added, the result of which is a ma-
chine as nearly perfect as it is possible
to make one.

For simplicity, durability, ease of
management and capacity for work,
the "Light-Running New Home" has
no rival, and the happy possessor of
one may rest assured that he or she
has the very best the world affords.

All who send for the company's
new illustrated catalogue, and enclose
their advertisement (printed on anoth-
er page) will receive a set of adver-
tising novelties, of value to card col-
lectors. Their address is, NEW
HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.,
30 Union Square, New York.

A Bloody Record.

HOPKINSVILLE, Oct. 10, 1884.

There is no sort of doubt but we
can boast of the merriest aim of our
pistol shots in this county. There
have been more men shot dead in this
county during the last four years, at
fewer shots, than any other county in
Kentucky. My business has been
such that I am perfectly familiar with
every bloody act in the great drama
of carnage and death that has swept
over our county like a wild con-
tagion over a pestilence-stricken city
and when I come to think to night
of the many bloody graves scattered all
over this county it seems more like
some hideous dream, some dreadful,
fearful apparition than a reality. I
read elsewhere where men are shot
and wounded; but here two lines tell
the tale, viz. "bang went his pistol
and his victim fell dead." These
killings are not confined to any part
of the county; but we find them
everywhere, scattered hither and
thither before the wind. To-day
young Henderson in the Northwest-
ern part of the county goes out in
the early morning to feed his stock,
his assassin lies in wait, a musket
looks through the fence, a flash, a
groan and the young man lies a
bloody corpse before him. Then the
curtain rises on a beautiful Sabbath
morning at my beloved Crofton.
Smith Stanley and Wiley Johnson
quarrel, a knife gleams in the sun-
light, a sharp crack, a heavy thud and
Smith has crossed the dark river.
Again go a little farther over on Pond
River, and old man Tom Dulin ripe
for death's sickle and I hope ripe
still for heaven, is called up at the
dead hour of midnight, he opens his
door, his murderer sends two rifle
balls hissing hot through the old
man's brain and he falls like Leban-
on's rent cedar to rise no more. Then
go with us up to the quiet little town
of Fairview, walk into a saloon, see
an old Irishman asleep, dreaming
perhaps of his old home with its
shamrocks back in old Ireland, see
young Gibson walk by, watch him
pull that fatal trigger and then watch
the poor old sleeping man without
a home, a county, or a God drop off
the bench a dead man. Then come
near Antioch, see two young men on
their way home, bosom friends, boon
companions, with no eyes to see their
actions save those that watch Nations
as well as individuals. Hear their
boyish quarrel, listen to the sharp
ring of that deadly pistol, hear the
wild cry of "oh God you have killed
me!" as it echoes from hill and valley
all around. Then come here, stand
on the amphitheatre at the fair
ground, listen to the heavenly strains
of glorious music, hear the neighing
of finely caparisoned steeds, see the
glorious twinkle of a thousand bright
eyes, and right in the midst of all
this, hear the quick report of two pis-
tol shots, run to the gateway and see
all that was mortal of Frank Dong-
las lying before him. But enough,
let us close the bloody book and over
and above a half hundred newly
made graves let us vow as good citi-
zens that we will do all in our power
to stop this death dealing thunderbolt
that is liable to strike any and every-
where at any moment.
I hope (though I shall live until
old age takes me off) that I shall never
again have to work in a field
where death's sickle has reaped such
a fearful harvest. I would not brood
over these bloody scenes for four
more long years for all the gold that
glitters from Maine to Mexico, or all
the honors a wicked world can bestow.
—Hiram.

Dr. Samuel Hodge's Sarsaparilla
and potash is a sure cure for rheuma-
tism, scrofula, scald head or tetter,
chronic sores of all kind or any dis-
ease arising from impurity of the
blood. You can get a trial bottle at
J. R. Armistead's, G. E. Galther's or
Gish & Garner's.

Twisted Bones.

Mr. J. R. Stewart, of Macon, Ga., a
well known and trustworthy gentle-
man, makes the following statement:
"My son who was between three and
four years old, was all drawn up
with rheumatism. His bones were
twisted, and he was all doubled out
of shape. He suffered intense pain,
had lost his appetite, was cross and
fretful. He was reduced to a mere
skeleton, and had to be carried about
on a pillow. As these cases of rheu-
matism, where the bones were twisted
and the joints were all crooked,
had for years baffled the skill of the
most eminent physicians, I determined
to use Swift's Specific, as I had
seen testimonials from men whom I
knew to be trustworthy, or similar
cases I had cured. I used two large
size bottles of S. S. S. according to
directions, with the most satisfactory
results. My son commenced improv-
ing with the first dose of the medicine.
His sufferings diminished daily and
his appetite increased; he became
cheerful and in good spirits. Grad-
ually he regained use of his limbs
the twisted bones and joints straight-
ened out and in less than two months
he was entirely cured, and could
walk and get about as well as any
child of his age.
Beware of imitations of Swift's
Specific, gotten up by unprincipled
parties to deceive the public; some of
these frauds bear the lie on their
faces purporting to be vegetable re-
medies, when they are really nothing
but strong solutions of mercury and
potash.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Dis-
eases mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3,
Atlanta, Ga., 159 W. 23rd St., N. Y.,
and 1205 Chestnut St., Phila.

MY MOTTO: WRIGHT WRONGS NO ONE!

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

JNO. T. WRIGHT
NOW HAS ON HAND THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE
STOCK OF

Men and Boys' Clothing
to be found in the city, to which he invites the attention of the public.
Also a full line of GENTS FURNISHING GOODS of every description.
Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes, and Everything Worn by Man or Boy
in great variety and at the LOWEST PRICES.
FINEST LINE OF MERCHANT TAILORING GOODS IN THE CITY.
Suits Made to Order and Fits Warranted.
SEPT. 10-17 **JNO. T. WRIGHT.**

HANCOCK, FRASER & RAGSDALE,

PEOPLE'S TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.
RAILROAD STREET, - - - HOPKINSVILLE.
FRONTING TOBACCO EXCHANGE, - CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
W. E. RAGSDALE, Salesman, Hopkinsville. T. R. HANCOCK, Salesman, Clarksville, Tenn.

Liberal Advances on Consignments.
All Tobacco Insured unless otherwise instructed.
Sept 26-17

NEW GROCERY STORE,

McKEE & P'POOL, Prop's.

**Staple and Fancy
GROCERIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO**

To be found in the city. Moreover we propose to sell goods at the lowest
possible price and for CASH.
Call around and see us at Cowan & Huggins' old stand, under South Ken-
tuckian Office, Nashville Street.
Jan. 18-84-17.

Don't Forget Honest John!

He has just arrived and can be found on the corner of

NASHVILLE AND VIRGINIA STS.

With a Handsome stock of Fall and Winter Wear of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES. A Full Line of MILLINERY GOODS—Latest Styles,
march 2-83-17-07

BRING YOUR JOB WORK

**—TO—
THIS OFFICE.**

McCamy, Bonte & Co.,

CARRIAGE MAKERS

And Dealers in Farming Implements & Harvesting Machinery,
FACTORY, SPRING STREET, NEAR MAIN,

HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, OR MAKE TO ORDER,
Fine Carriages, Rockaways, Buggies, Etc. Etc

REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.
[Nov. 23, '83-84]

STORMS. FIRE.

Long, Garrett & Co.

ISSUE

STORM & FIRE INSURANCE

ON

Dwellings, Live Stock

AND

Farm Property.

Office in Garrett & Wil-
liams' New Building, over
Russell's Store.

NEW STORE. NEW GOODS.

J. G. HORD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Flour, Meal, Bacon, Lard, Molasses, Coffee, Sugar, Canned Goods, Glassware, Queensware, But-
ter, Eggs and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. I am selling

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